FOR EVENING WEAR.

WHAT DELARTE HAS DONE FORTHE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

Graceful Attitudes Now Go With Lovely Gowns-Latest Fashionable Attire. Beautiful Costumes for House.

Delsarte worked a great good when he taught women that they could be graceful without tight lacing and added to that the flexibility and expression of feature that all can obtain. Time was that the feminine face was as immobile as a wax figure with a perpetual primp on the lips, but now the fashion is to let human emotions show through the face and give it the mysterious

charm of variety of expression. oose and flowing robes and soft, long folds. Delsarte would have found it impossible to be graceful in an "eelskin dress," in vogue a few years since, and even now there remains mu to be desired in many of the gowns from an

esthetic point of view. However, fashion sets its seal on all that is large and noble in a woman's daily life; it smiles on her efforts to break away from tradition and help fit herself for her future duties by giving her athletic clubs, swimming baths, fencing lessons and horseback riding, and encourages bright, brisk walks that bring roses to the cheeks

and glowing health to the body.

Decidedly health is the fashion these days-a good sound mind in a good sound body. There are few ladies now who pose as semi-invalids. The Berkeley Athletic club for young women had about 400 young ladies, married and single, from our best families, where they could go and have all the most modern and approved gymnastic training, some of the ladies being very daring and skillful. The price of admission and strict rules made it exclusive enough to keep out any undesirable person, and the result will be felt in generations to come.

Another fashion as pleasant as it is use ful is encouraging any young lady to carefully develop any special talent she may have so well that if any sudden reverse came she would be able to earn her own living. This has been done in very many cases, and many young ladies belonging to families of enormous wealth could earn a living from the very start. Some of them assist their fathers or brothers in business, and some even have little private ventures. I know of one young lady who is receiving a rair income from an invention of her own. Several young ladies play different musical instruments as amateurs sufficiently well to take places as professionals if need falls upon them. The day of elegant idleness has passed for the brilliant and beautiful American girl with the pretense of a frail constitution

Perhaps those whose delicacy-which so often degenerates into consumption-we read of might have been as splendid creatures physically as our girls of today if they had not faced their waists into fifteen inches and worn slippers in all weathers and no flannel underwear.

Contrast a belle of those days with one of today. The waist of the latter measures twenty-four inches and she is proud of it. the wears tea gowns which make her look four times her own size, and enjoys the freedom. She has quaint frocks made where the waist is up under the arms and the sleeves puffed to an astonishing size. She has them cut square in the back and any way in front that will admit of utter comfort.

Some new ideas in tea gowns would not, I think, be out of place here. One that was a "dream" had the front made of soft blue china silk, with deep embroidery in pink and mossy greens. The same was on the ruffles to the sleeves, which only came to the elbows and, by the way, many tea gowns have elbow sleeves with or without lace or mull undersleeves, finished with rosettes and ends of Tom Thumb ribbon. When there is a "tea" gloves can be worn if desired. I almost forgot to finish the description of this elegant gown. The back was of rich brocade in dark ultramarine blue and apple green, a combination of tolors that one scarcely knows whether to like or not, yet when a garment shows a

perfect ensemble one thinks it nice. A tea gown was worn by a young girl not fer out of her teens that was very old, but effective. The back had a short waist, with a skirt of gold brown satin plaited to it in the box plait in the back, the rest gathered.

NEW YORK FASHIONS, anese crape accordion plaited, and in the front a fall of accordion plaiting from throat to foot, held in at the waist loosely by a golden chain that started from under the arms. There was a rose plaited ruffle of the brown, lined with pink around the back breadths, and short puffed sleeves.

The third one, which is pictured on the left, had a simulated Spanish jacket in front over a vest of pearl gray india silk. The entire skirt of this was accordion plaited. The Spanish jacket in the back became a Watteau plait and formed a train falling a quarter of a yard on the floor. Short puffed sleeves to this also. The dark green jacket and train were wrought with

silver oak leaves and acorns. It is not absolutely necessary that a lady should put on an elaborate tea gown in the afternoon, even if she does expect friends to an informal or formal tea. A dress such as a friend of mine wore the other day is quite proper. It was of black brocaded satin in the skirt, with corsage cut in tur-rets of black velvet and postilion of the cade. The sleeves were of velvet, leg o' mutton shape, with silver buttons. The whole gown had a quiet distinction about

It that made it much admired. Visiting her that day was a lady in one of the new Polish costumes. They differ in many essentials from the Russian costume, and to my taste are more graceful. This particular one was made of thick camel's hair in indigo blue. The basque was tight fitting and had a dark blue collar bound with gray for astrakhan. It fastened on the left side with frogs and loops. The sleeves were of basket work in blue and black. The skirt was demitrain, slashed on each side over a velvet underskirt, the whole bound with gray astrakhan. The hat was tricorne of dark blue velvet and black plumes, with rhinestone ornaments. There is to be a costume made in dark red. patterned after this model, which looks more handsome made up than any picture

to any face. Recently I have noticed a tendency among our best dressers to endeavor to get rid of the ugly and awkward looking cloaks and coats of exaggerated fancies in capes and yokes and other overloading and take to exceedingly quiet cloth walking jackets of exquisite quality, with absolutely no trim-ming upon them, and yesterday I saw a sealskin walking coat that was so truly elegant that I cannot refrain from noticing it, and also presenting it, to show how much handsomer it is than the ungainly wraps and garments we have been wearing. molded to the figure and has a shawl collar of sable, with a fringe of sable tails around the arm. This model reproduced in velvet or plush or matelasse, with the fur collar,

can show, and it gives a sort of piquancy

would be very handsome. A stylish English walking suit recently made by a fashionable English tailor is an other straw that shows that all women do not care for the present styles and have courage enough to break away from the

popular craze. This walking suit was made of thick corded biarritz, the skirt quite plain and the coat made to fit closely to the figure in the back. The front had a loose vest of gray bengaline, with a narrow ostrich band around the neck. The sleeves have a loose puff at the top and live rows of jet beads around the forearm. The hat is of black velvet and gray satin ribbon. If the weather should be very cold a short cape of fur

would be sufficient. A very neat and pretty morning dress belonging to the sister of this same lady pleased me greatly. It was of cheviot striped white and green upon gray. Around the bottom was a velvet band, plaited in clusters at sh. rt. distances. A velvet plas-tron was placed on the chest and a belt of MATE LEGOY.

A QUEEN'S "DRAWING-ROOM," A Social Affair That Few People Know of by Observation.

There was a warm wind and bright sunshine, which showed off the fresh spring tints in the Mail, as the Beefeaters, or Yeomen of the Guard, as they are called, passed beneath the trees to-wards the palace, bringing a feature of wards the palace, bringing a feature of ancient days into our midst (writes "One Who Was There" to the St. James Gazette). The attendance was not so large as on Monday, and there was only one line of carriages. We entered the court-yard without delay, and ere we alighted I saw one of her Majesty's Indian attendants standing by the side doorway—a picturesque addition to the scene, which owes some of its brightness to the red uniforms of attendant officials

Carefully Selected Reading for Women-What Delsarte Has Done for the Women of To-Day-Kate Field Thinks There are "Barbarians" in Washington. and all the glcry of diplomatic and other splendor of attire. We leave our cloaks in a spacious dining-room opening on the grand corridor and immediately opposite to the grand entrance. It is a large room, commanding a view of the garden, and in the corners are glass cabinets let Into the wall containing a rare collection of chira, some of it unique specimens of world-wide celebrity. We are early, and are fortunate enough to take up our position in the blue drawing-room, next to the lapis-lazuli room, set apart for those with the privilege of the entree. This State drawing-room has some fine portraits by Winterhalter of the Queen and Prince Consort. Chairs are set temporarily in diagonal lines, and are all occupied. There are levely dresses to admire; but the eye is first attracted by the rows of bouquets, which make the room look like a flower garden. The newest kind seems to be the pyramid, which forms a sharn region of the contract the seems to be the pyramid, which forms a and all the glery of diplomatic and other prepared to write from his distation. He

began with a tender address to his "dearest love," and the little nurse felt slightly em-burrassed. But she continued through the most ardent dedarations of all-absorbing affection to the end, where he wished to be subscribed an adoring lover for all time. Then she folded the letter and slipped it into its envelope.
"To whom shall I direct it?" she asked.
The wicked young fellow said amicably

and even tenderly: "What is your name, please?" They have been married little more than

a year new.

An Eye for the Future. Mr. Calumet (from Chicago)-Why don't ou wear your wedding dress to the ball o-night, my dear?

Mrs. Calumet-No, George, I want to save

that dress. The next man I marry may be too poor to buy me ove.-Cloak Review. WOMEN AT HOTELS.

seems to be the pyramid, which forms a sharp point at the top. Roses there are in the richest profusion and of all tints; each bloom asserts itself and is allowed to show its individual beauty; but they

are heavy, and even bouquets have draw-

Punctually at 3 o'clock there is a rustle

Punctually at 3 o'clock there is a rustle and movement which betokens that the entree had begun to pass into the throne-room, and ere long we are making our way through the velvet-covered barriers guarded by the gentlemen-at-arms. A few moments more bring us to the door of the picture gallery, where our trains are removed from our arms, and passing in single file we are soon in the presence of royalty. The lord chamberlain takes the card we carry, with our names written thereon, and we make our reverences to

card we carry, with our names written thereon, and we make our reverences to the three royal sisters, who, dressed allie in black, seem to bear the strongest family likeness to each other. Next to Princess Christian is the Marchioness of Lorne, then Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the young Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. They wear diamond ornaments, and the high coronets make the black plumes appear less sombre. The uniforms of the princes are a great relief. The Duke of Edinburgh wears a blue naval dress, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian, with the Duke of Cambridge, are in scarlet. As soon as we are out of the line of the royal personages and have our trains

Duke of Cambridge, are in scarlat. As soon as we are out of the line of the royal personages and have our trains once more on our arms, I notice that the throne-room is not over-full. The Crimese ambassador is most en evidence, and there seem to be but few ladies.

It is only a few minutes after 4 when the last of the ladies makes her obeisance, wearing a charming train of turquoise velvet. The choice of color is wonderful; a remarkable gown is of conflower blue, another train and dress alike deep vieux rose. Nearly every one is a personage whom the world knows, and lace and diamonds are family heirlooms. Lace lappets are coming in again, and large and deep lace sleeves. One lady had a cape of face attached to a Medici collar, and falling from it to the shoulders. A pretty vista is presented on the staircase, when a double stream make their way to the entrance hall. The Besfeaters here are arranged in line, and the difficulties of getting away are minimized, for the

are arranged in line, and the difficulties of getting away are minimized, for the names are telephoned to the carrinses at the foot of the grand staircase. By 5 o'clock there is hardly any one left. The Queen's young pages, with their large white satin bows on the shoulders of their red coats, disappear with the rest. The sun shines, and the hand plays in the court-yard. To the very last there are elements of brightness and spiendor. The palace has been much redecorated of late, and it is seen to perfection. There is but one regret-the absence of the

Enough.

One morn' into a dry goods store

A ballet girl dil stray. With sample of the goods she were When in the big ballet.

Who quick a roll did seize To match the stuff, and then cried out:

"How many inches, please?"

-The Clothier and Furnisher.

An Independent Young Woman.

Many Washington girls can boast of

the most unusual is that of Miss Elliott, daughter of Colonel Elliott, of the United States Engineer Corps. Colonel Elliott is one of the most skillful engineers in

the Government service. He has no son, and his daughter has been his constant

companion. She went about with him

continually when he was superintending Government work, studied his plans, and

as a result has developed into a pretty good engineer hers if. She is interested

in machinery, and can discuss it more intelligently than the average man. Recertly a friend of the Colonel's met the family on one of the Sound steamers, where it is considered a great treat to be taken down to see the engine-room. The gentleman thought he would shall

The gentleman thought he would give Miss Elliott an unusual pleasure, and sug-rested a visit below. When they reached

the engine-room he tried to explain the machinery, but stumbled Miss Elliott filled in the missing knowledge, and pret-

The Spirit Had Gone.

"Who's there?" shouted the occupant of a hotel bed-room, as he heard a noise in the corner of his room. There was no answer, and the queer

No answer.
"It must have been a spirit," he said

to himself. "I must be a medium. I will try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying ey—no, that's not what I mean. If there

'Is it the spirit of my sister?"

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps. "Will you give me any commu

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

And stood in the open docr, And a smile spread over his wrinkled face

And the old glad light shone in his eyes,

And his husky voice grew clear,

As he said, "It almost knocked me out,

But I matched that ribbon, dear."

—The Clothier and Furnisher.

A Unique Proposal. A Philadelphia paper tells the following story about a young hospital nurse: Among her first patients was a young

Among her first patients was a young man with a broken arm and an attractive appearance. The demure, white-capped nurse began to take an unusual interest in him, and asked him if there was nothing she could do for him-no book she could read, no letter she could write. The patient gracefully accented the offer, and the nurse

As he saw his wife once more.

Raps are very loud in the direction of

olse stopped. "Anybody there?"

She showed it to a clerk about,

They Are Pretty, Well Dressed and Are Able to Take Care of Themselves.

The swellest looking women can be seen about the Fifth-avenue Hotel every day. They are guests of the house, and come They are guests of the house, and come from various cities throughout the Union. It used to be that American wemen were charfy about being seen about the hotel confiders frequented by guests and loungers of the male sex, but that has all been changel, I note that these women bear the stamp of the cosmopolite. They have the air of women of the world, who are not afraid of the world, and who are rather glad that they are in it. The marrons have a charmingly "comfortable" look between fashion and benerolence, of the sort of people whose position in the great game of life is assured.

The young women are comely to lock upon, as a rule, and are offener downright involvement then downright plain. It is pleas-ing to the eye that they dress, for the most out, with excellent taste, being given to obtin, well-fitting, traveling, street and car-riage gowns, and in this respect form an agreeable contrast to the American women of twenty years, ago. When I see them hovering around the postoffice end of the of-fice counter, or at the book stall, or in front of the hotel theatre ticket desk, I

er independence of character and her ability and willingness to look after berself, as well as for her fine figure and facial beauty. In the big New York hotels you will see the same fine types doing the same thing in the same quietly effective, ladylike will be the same thing in the same quietly effective, ladylike will be the will be the transfer. manner. At the Windsor, Brunswick, Savoy, Holland, Murray Hill and other swell modern hotels that partake of the continental type you will always see these well-bred and attractive women about the ground floor, lending a charm to New York hotel life but a few years ago unknown.— New York World.

The writer was chatting with a retailer on upper Broadway one day last week, says Boots and Shoes. The streets were maddy, and the feminine pedestrians slightly lifted their skirts as they hurried along, "There," said the dealer, "jest look at that. See how many of those women are risking pneumonia jus from women are risking pheumonia just for the sake of wearing low sloces. Why do they do it? I don't know. Maybe because they are cheaper and easier to take off and put on; maybe because they—but that's another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say." The shoe man was right. On that particular day it wore exfords or low-cut shoes of some kind or other. Once in a while a woman passed who wore a sensible pair of heavy shoes, but such a one was an exception, of technical information.

A FEW WORDS ON ETIQUETTE. Liberty of a Hostess and the Manners of Her Guests.

A hostess need not hold herself rentroductions, but she does afford her circle the most charming opportunities for establishing and maintaining pleasant associations. Well-bred persons know how to continue an acquaintance thus cisually commesced provided there is a mutual liking. When introductions take place at other than formal receptions the man is introduced or presented to the woman unless she is young and he old and distinguished, when she is introduced or presented to him. The charm of social liberty is the freedom to retain as friends such as are wholly sympathetic to us according to our individual stand-ards and tastes. It is bad form not to lift the hat when passing women in hotel halls or when entering hotel pariors or waiting rooms where there are women; or any courtesy that a stranger may offer; also in response to salutations made to those with whom a man is walkty soon the programme was reversed, ing or in whose company he is; or at and the young lady was showing off the any place or time at which custom makes engines to her astonished escort, while this easy mark of gentlemanliness and the engineer smiled in wicked glee. Miss civility appropriate. To raise the hat Elliott is a siender little lady, whose when passing wherever the dead are beappearance gives no hint of her store ing carried out is obligatory.

Hannah's Way.

She has a kind of a sort of a way, A sort of a kind of a manner, kind of a sort of an every day, Yet a pooty way has Harnah. The way she tangles and tosses her head An' shakes her bangles out, Wile her mouth puts on a compermize Betwixt a smile an' a pout! No other girl I'd druther have,

No other girl I'd druther, On account, an' because er things er this sort-

is a spirit in the room it will please rap three times."

Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau. An' one thing an' another. She has a sort of a kind of a way, A sort of a kind of a manner, A sort of a way that you can't say, "Is it the spirit of my mother-in-law?"
Three very distinct raps.
"Are you happy?" But a way you can feel, has Hannah. An' her laugh is so sweet, an' her eyes to

se bright,

An' her ways an' her talk so cute, An' she has such a way that you can't

Say,
But a kind of a way to suit
I aint got no flow er langwidge to tell,
But she beats ev'ry girl ev'ry other—
On account, an' because er things er this sort, An' one thing an' another. —Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

THE NEWEST GLOVES.

the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He walted long for an answer, but none came, and he turned over and fell asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit" of his mother-in-law had carried off his watch and purse, his trousers and his creat cont Some Glaring Transgressions in Styles Noted. New gloves show glaring transgres

A gray-haired, broken-down old man, With sunken eye and cheek. Chimbed up the steps one winter's day, With humble mien and meek.

sions of conventional ideas, and illustrate the disregard which fashion has for the old-time virtue of economy. The long-serviceable and us ful tan gloves, which accommodated themselves so gracefully to all sorts and conditions of which accommodated themserves so gracefully to all sorts and conditions of toilet and harmonized so agreeably with every tint and tone of both day and evening wear, are out. In their place has come a whole family of bright tints and shades, blue and red, green and violet, for the day and reproductions of their pafer shades for evening wear. Each gown must be perfectly matched in color for the street, and for the reception call, the only exceptions to the rule are the white, pearl and pale yellow tints, that are as perishable as pretty.

For theatre wear come the new dogskins in pale but decided tints of green, the and violet to match the evening hat, or bonnet rather, since so few hats are worn by women not too old to go out evenings. And such buttons, large and conspicuous, and stitching striking and contrasting! The wrists, too, are piped with color, white on dark, black on light

gloves, and gauntlets appear of tremengloves, and gauntiets appear of tremendous size, variously ornamented. The rule for the elbow gloves of evening dress is to match the gown in color with a suede glove ornamented with self-stitching—that is, stitching the color of the glove. With very light gowns white gloves may be worn, but this saves little in outlay, for there must be a sufficient number of pairs on hand to keep one pair always en route to or from the cleaners.—New York Sun.

MOTHERS' A'ND DAUGHTERS' PAGE.

Nothing New.

Wee maid Ethel, four times one, Listened to the timeworn story Of the Oid Year, nearly done, Of the New Year's coming glory. And she wondered much and more, Hearing all the changes ringing, What new beauties in his store The young monarch could be bringing.

By the pane she took her station;
Eyes alight and cheeks affame
With a fire of expectation.
Thus but for a moment's space,
Then a cloud of disappointment
Falling o'er the sunny face,
That the world was out of joint, meant. So when New Year's morning came,

Quick she turned with scornful eye And with dainty nose uptilted—
And at grandma, sitting by,
Shot a glance that should have wilted.
"Why, what's the matter, dear?"
Flashed the answer with a pout, "It

Is ve verwy same old year, And vere's nuffin new about it!"

-A. C. Stoddard. THE COLONIAL DAME.

Her Influence on the History of the Coun

try, Past and Present. It is essential to the prosperity and suc cess of a society for it to be composed of

an element in full sympathy with the objects of the society. It is peculiarly proper that the members of the Colonial Dames should trace from a colonial an-cestor "who contributed in some way to the founding of this great and powerful ration," because this incident, under the laws of nature, will make "the gathering of the fragments that remain" relative to the by-gone days a labor of love and of filial duty with them. And this fillal stimulus really implies a maternal incentive, also, because the influence of the original colonial dame was as great in her sphere as was that of the forefather in his. She performed all the du-ties that fell to her lot, whether in peace or in war; in prosperity or in adversity; in the wild woods or in the settled lands, with as constant, as patient and as faith ful resolution as did the forefather him seif; and it was frequently the case that the dame was not only the forefather's pelpmate, but that she had to take his lace and perform his duties as well as her own, and that she was equal to the emergency. It was these chastening cares and grave responsibilities resting upon her which moulded her character with that dignity and Roman firmness which ommanded the respect and gained the love of our heroic ancestors, inspiring them with the ability and valor to with stand the sufferings and accomplish "th achievements which are beyond praise;" which made the mark of noble influence so broad and so distinct on the history of her own time, and which has left an example and a memory to her descendants-our Colonial Dames-that must inspire them with a personal interest in our past history, and which should make them feel that it is the personal turn of each case of them to carry out duty of each one of them to carry out faithfully and reverently, in the true spirit of sisterhood and patriotism, the objects of their society.

As the original colonial dames were such faithful and efficient co-laborers with

the forefathers in the making of our past history, by the same token the women of to-day can be, "and of right ought to be," as faithful and as efficient co-laborers with the men in preserving and in cherishing that history. And such societies as the Colonial Dames, if properly con-ducted and sustained, must be of the sponsible for the likings or dislikings of greatest possible assistance to the Historical Society, not only in collecting historical material, but also in inspiring husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, "sweet-hearts," and every heart within the range of influence—and that heart that is not within this range is without the range of worthy influence-with a genuine love of their country and reverence for her his-

tory.
While it seems to me eminently proper that every member of the Colonial Dames should take a real interest in aiding and encouraging the historian in the collecting of all authentic documents, relica memente es, etc., of the past which may be available to them. I believe that it should be the especial task of each one to collect and to contribute matter relative to that one's own ancestors, because they might naturally take the most interest in doing this, be the better qualified therefor, and therefore the more apt to make the whole collection of their society, when com-pleted, of an especial, and it may be, of an unique value.

As some personal motive must underlie As some persoral motive must underlie all personal appeals, and as men have always deveted themselves more to writings in their own interest, or in the interest of some party, or person, or theory, or opinion, or for some other purpose than simply giving the unvarnished facts—the historian, who has to give "a systematic account of facts and events." is thus obliged first to incur the expense of the research, and take the necessary pains to bring together all the evidences, without which the truth cannot be ascertained, and then to undergo the drudgery of sifting the facts from the fiction. And as the general reader prefers fiction to fact, romance to history, it will be readily seen that the historian stands much more in that the historian stands much more in need of some sustaining influence, like that which can be given by such societies as this, than the writer ,who is free to cater to the public taste, and thereby secures popular applause and pecuniary reward with little trouble and at small

cost
And it so happens that no history needs
the helping hands of the colonial dame
more than the colonial history of Virginia. For generations Virginians looking upon old England as home, regarded
her grand old history as theirs, and it
was not until after the final separation
from the mother country that any considerable desire seems to have arisen in from the mother country that any considerable desire seems to have arisen in Virginfa for a history of her own. And it is almost within the memory of man that any real interest has been taken in the search for and in the securing of the evidences without which her true history could not be written.

In the official papers to Raleigh and his partners the land of Virginia was not definitely bounded. This was done for the first time in an official paper by the charter of April 10, 1006, as being between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude, and the same charter granted, on certain conditions, limited areas therein

the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude, and the same charter granted, on certain conditions, limited areas therein to two Virginia companies. By the charter of May 23, 1629, all of this territory south of the 49th degree of north latitude was assigned to the Virginia Company, of London, but the whole boundary retained the original name of Virginia—or North and Sofith Virginia—until the issuing of the New England charter of November 3, 1620, which added three degrees to the original northern boundary, and changed the name of North Virginia to New England. Thus at this time, and since from time to time, under the crown—one Colony after another—and under the Republic—one State after another—has been taken from the side of the grand old mother—until now the only portion of the vast territory of the original Virginia, and of our own beloved Virginia. The original Virginia is now occupied by the United States, and figuratively speaking, the territory is now held by the heirs or assigns of the first founders, whe

cured "the first lot or portion in the new world" for the English race and religion within the original bounds of Virginia. "And certain it is that" no Colony appeals so strongly to the colonial dame as Virginia—the goddaughter of England's Virgin Queen, the mother of the nation and of the colonies, of statesmen and of

States.
As the objects of this Society make As the objects of this Society make such an especial appeal to Virginians, I hope that each member will feel it to be her special duty and peculiar pleasure to devote herself to these patrollic purposes. And, if in doing so, each one will be as faithful in her sphere as her ancestors were in theirs, it goes without saying, that "The Virginia Society of the Colonial Dames of America" will be the grandest society in the Union; that the Virginia Historical Society will have a famous co-laborer; that the task of the historian of Virginia will be more pleasant in the future than in the past; and that the history of the old mother, the Niobe of the Nation, "may lift up its head as its redemption draweth nigh."

ALEXANDER BROWN.

The Lady and the Maid.

One of the guests at a recent reception should not have stayed so late. You see, it began to rain and she did not want to be conspicuous and have a cab come, so she sent her maid to buy an umbrella-The maid did not come back. Of course she expected her back and she kept walt-ing, and that was how it really happened. At last her escort got so nervous that she consented to have a cab. Then at the name in the cab with her. She were a beautiful ornament in her hair, a flashing butterfly set on a wire, and when she got nome it was gone. The cab was searched but the ornament could not be found. She seemed terribly frightened, and confessed that her husband would miss it and —. Well, he was not a rich man, but he could not very well stand a scandal. So he got her another. She told him just where he could get it, and, sure enough, the very duplicate was there. A pretty figure in thousands it cost, too. Now the maid wears a flashing butterfly and the mistress wears one, too. Only you can tell as easily as can be which is real and which is paste. The mistress was always losing things, and when all the men came to compare notes after she had gone back to Poland—she was a Polish princess or something—they all decided not to say anything more about it. But such a careful lot of men are they

Everything looks strunge to me Since you went away. Meadows seem to be bleak and bare, Feels sort o' frosty in the air; The sunshine's even kind o' rare Since you went away.

Such a house you never see Since you went away. Dust lies thick on every chair, Things just lie around anywhere; No one seems to know or care Since you went away. Huldy tries her best to please,

Since you went away. Everything I like she bakes, Mush she fries and bread she makes, Powerful sight uv pains she takes Since you went away. But I'm certain that she sees,

Since you went away,
That I ain't got no heart for feed;
Things may be bad, they may be good.
I can't act 'round as I should,
Since you went away.

Since you went away,
Biessings brighter in their flight,
And I sin't always done just right,
But I know now who made home be
Since you went away.

Humor in Women.

A writer in the open-letter department of the current Century asks why in literature there are no lady humorists. Then he goes on to answer this question by explaining that from childhood man finds the sawdust dropping out of everything, and soon dust dropping out of everything, and soon Johnny that discovers the worthlessness of much that
Johnny-How?

"I mixed quinine with her face powder,
smile and to say: "Is it het absurd?" inIndianapolis Journal.

stead of allowing his passion for something to adore override his growing desire for truth. But, on the other hand, a woman's idols are so much a part of her life that when they are broken she cannot snap her fingers, nor seek nirth as an avenue of escape. Women may possibly grow satirical, but satire is only a form of humor, "When life ceases to be in some way holy, or at any rate ideal, then woman's creative faculty degrees," says the writer. "She ends where man's talent as a humorist begins."

Could Point With Pride. Mrs. McCanty-An' ye've raised quoite a big family, Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy (with pride)-Seven polacemin, Mrs. McCanty.-Tid Bits.

HER SCHEMES WERE ALL IN VAIN. The Man's Stupidity Frustrated All of Her Well-Laid Plans.

It was at the hotel table, and they looked suspiciously like a bridal couple, but their conversation seemed to disprove the theory. conversation seemed to disprove the theory.

He had explained in rather loud tones that he had sewed the loop on his overceat with white thread and she had told him that if he'd had any ingenuity he could have made it black by drawing it through the ink bottle. So that every one could see they were "old married people," for, of course, a bride would have repreachfully asked him why he hadn't let her do it.

They then began to order their dinner, "Will you have a red-head duck of a mallard?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," she returned airtly, "I don't know the difference between a red-head duck and a blue-cred pheasant."

This flippancy disconcerned him for a mo-ment, but he seemed to remember something and went on:
"Well, how do some brolled qualls strike "Broiled or stewed, it's immaterial to

me," she answered nonchalantly.
Then he became cress and delivered himself of an opinion.
"See here, Alice, you've got to decide. I

don't want to go and order something for our first dinner."

And then he suddenly paused as Alice

monned.

"Oh, hush! I knew you'd forget. You've given it away after all my attempts to seem so old-married! Oh, Ralph!"

And the hearers thought again of the stuplidity of man and how it ruthlessly destroys

all that the finesse of woman accomplishes.

And they also wondered again why the victims of a wedding journey should regard
themselves as criminals.

My soul upon my lips hath set a seal, And the I needs must greet thee day by What lies between us I must not reveal-My life is spent in learning to obey.

But oh! dear one, when thou and I shall meet In that fair world that knows no garish fear, Unfettered, shall these longing lips repeat Forevermore, "I loved thee always here."

A little Washington girl unconsciously A little washington girl unconsequent made a very forcible appeal for distinct enunciation by public speakers. She had returned from church, where the minis-ter had chosen for his text the sentence, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great

"Can you tell me what the test was?" said her father when she reached home.
"'Course I can," was the confident reply. "What was it?"

And the little one confidently replied; "Behold, I give you tidings of Lake George.'

She Was Wise.

"Our friendship must never die," he said. "It must be kept green forever."
"Then we must be careful that it does not ripen into love," she replied.—Indianapolis Journal.

Tommy Figg-Sister's beau kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him,



STREET COSTUME